

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A TORRENT OF TYPE—FRENCH AVENUE TO WAR—AN UNFORTUNATE DEPUTY—AN UNPOPULAR PRINCE—A SENSATIONAL SCENE—A VERY SMALL SHEPHERD—A NEW LINE—THE OUTLOOK—“LA”—AN OLD INVITATION.

Paris, March 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While Lord Cowley is probably endeavoring to discover, at Vienna, the bases on which it may be possible to effect a compromise between the two Emperors on whom the eyes of Europe are now fixed with so much anxiety, the deluge of pamphlets on the “peace or war” question continues as overwhelmingly as ever. Not much less than a score of these anonymous productions have already appeared, and all seem to be read by the public with equal eagerness. Some of them have actually sold as many as three editions on the day of publication, and all of them must have accomplished, what in most cases has probably been the leading aim of their authors in publishing, i. e., the putting of a few hundred francs into their respective pockets. Almost all of these publications are in favor of peace; though a few of them, by parties known to be ambitious of the Emperor's favor, have tried to convince an unwilling and unbelieving public that a war would be a blessing, as the best means of securing peace. It is certainly a favorable symptom, as showing that the one nation of Europe whose passion for playing with firebrands has hitherto been so dangerous to its neighbors, has begun to lose the taste for this species of excitement, that even those who most zealously urge an appeal to arms at this time in Italy, are obliged to do so only on the ground of the necessity of getting Italy tranquillized as a condition for future peace. Thus, a flaming red-hot affair that made its appearance, a few days since, as a champion of war against Austria, took the title, “War is Peace,” setting forth the view that such war would be a blessing by removing an obstacle to that peaceful state of things that all desire. The fallaciousness of this argument, however, was demonstrated by a fresh pamphlet that made its appearance two days afterwards, and showed, under the opposition title of “War is War,” that war is, and can be, at best but a necessary evil, and not a means of progress and peace, which can be aided and consolidated only by measures of national and international improvement, possible only in conditions of internal tranquillity and general amity. The Emperor is said to be excessively amazed and disappointed at the all but universal reprobation with which his beligerent demonstrations have been received in France; while the active opposition of Germany, the vigorous efforts of England and Prussia in the cause of peace, and the knowledge that Russia, Spain, and the Scandinavian Kingdoms will not stir a musket to help his dubious crusade, have doubtless tended to convince him that he was running off the track of his “mission” in thus rushing into war. Meantime, at the suggestion of Austria, who found she could not remain in the Legations, but would not consent to withdraw at the demand of France and Sardinia, both France and Austria are to withdraw their troops from the Roman States. France has already begun evacuating Rome; and Austria will no doubt soon clear the Legations of her presence. But unless the Cardinals suddenly inaugurate the reforms which they have hitherto so obstinately refused, this step will probably only serve to hasten the conflagration. As an instance of the odd way in which the comic often gets mixed with the tragic in real life, I may mention how severely the risible muscles of the members of one of the deputations that have been lately waiting on the Emperor with addresses in deprecation of war, were tried on the occasion of the audience. The party were from some rural commune, not far from the foot of the Pyrenees, and composed of very unsophisticated folk. On the day of their audience, it happened to have rained a good deal, and the streets were dreadfully muddy. The deputation, too frugal to think of going to the palace otherwise than on foot, equipped themselves in galoshes and leggings, in order to protect their lower extremities from the liquid horror of the streets, and marched in a body to the Tuilleries, took off their protecting integuments in the vestibule, and left the same in charge of the swarm of valets who, however, looked with evident disgust on the unusual objects thus consigned to their care. Now it so happened that one foxy old farmer, not liking the supercilious smiles of the valets, and deeming his property safer in his own keeping, bethought him of stuffing his muddy leggings into his pockets, with a view to their better preservation; after which the party, being now quite ready, were ushered into the Imperial presence. While the address was being read by one of their number, the others of course listened to its eloquent periods with great admiration; and when it came to some rather strong touches about the horrors of war, widows, orphans, ruin, and so on, several of the deputies became so much affected, that they were obliged to have recourse to their handkerchiefs, the farmer who had taken such credit to himself for his precautions against the possible carelessness of the saucy valets below, being of the number, and in the hurry of his emotion, belaboring his unfortunate physiognomy with one of the muddy leggings, which he had pulled out of his pocket under the delusive impression of its being a handkerchief. His Imperial Majesty, whose eyes were closed, as is his wont, when others are looking at him, (but who is popularly believed to see as much with his eyes shut, as other people with their eyes open,) may, or may not, have been tried by a vision of the smeared countenance of the fearful leg before him; as to the “feelings” of the rest of the deputation, they are “more easily imagined than described.”

No one here can understand how it happens that Prince Napoleon, who has hitherto done everything that is in him to annoy and thwart his Imperial relative, should all at once have changed his tactics, and become an intimate confidant of the man he has hitherto derided, and as far as in his power, set at defiance; and strange as is this sudden league, and the influence he is known to exert in the councils of

the Emperor, it is a still stranger feature of the affair that Prince Napoleon still professes, and in the Emperor's presence, the most violent and subversive democratic and socialist doctrines. No longer ago than last Sunday, at the ceremony of the transcription of the marriage-deeds of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, when the Emperor and Empress were sitting in state, with all the princes and princesses of the Imperial Family, the Ministers, the Sardinian Ambassador, and all the great dignitaries of the Court, in the saloon of Louis XIV., to witness the transcription of the deed into the Register of the Imperial Family, Prince Napoleon took occasion to declaim in most energetic terms against the idea that treaties made by one generation ought to be binding on a subsequent one, and declared that no such considerations ought to prevent the Emperor from carrying out his intentions with regard to Italy. Count de Persigny opposed these views with equal warmth and boldness, and declared that he could never, as a devoted adherent of the Imperial dynasty, consent to aid in realizing a system which would be fatal to the stability of government, render international relations impossible, and insure the downfall of the Imperial throne. The discussion, which is described as having been of the most animated and unbecomingly character, was continued by the two antagonists for upwards of half an hour, in the presence of the Emperor and the Court. It would be difficult for a man to be more unpopular than Prince Napoleon just now. He is detested by the Imperialists for the theories he professes, and equally detested by the Republicans for accepting the title of a Prince of the Blood, drawing an enormous pension as such, maintaining an almost regal establishment, and allying himself by marriage with the oldest reigning house of Europe; and now, as the most ardent and unscrupulous partisan of war, he has drawn upon himself universal detestation and distrust. So much, in fact, is he disliked even by the friends of the present regime, that a very large majority of the Legislative Chamber have determined, when the new Budget is submitted to the formality of their sanction, to demand the suppression of the new Ministry of Algeria which was recently created expressly for the Prince. Prince Napoleon, in, moreover, a thorough enemy of the priestly party; and has just given crowning offence to them by the rudeness of his reception of the new Bishop of Algiers, who waited on him a few days since, as the head of the Algerian Colony.

The Emperor Napoleon's admiring imitator, Soultouque, whose imprudent ambition has done him what that of his potent prototype may one of these days accomplish for him, is coming to France to console himself for his downfall. It is said that he possesses, in the hands of the European bankers, not much less than a million sterling; besides which he has carried off a heavy sum of ready money, and a great quantity of jewels and other valuables. General Desallines, who accompanied his exile ex-majesty in his flight from Port-au-Prince, has just arrived here, charged with the mission of preparing a suitable apartment for the reception of his master, whom he left in Jamaica, but who is to follow him shortly. If Soultouque is as rich as he is said to be, the Parisians will assuredly make much of him; but it is understood that his ex-majesty will not remain in Paris, but will purchase a magnificent estate either near Bordeaux, or in the neighborhood of some other city in the south of France, where he will doubtless contrive to pass his exile very pleasantly.

While potatoes are thus tumbling from their “place of power,” and all Europe is distracted with rumors of coming trouble, the Montreux informs us that the Commission of Musicians from the different capitals of Europe, assembled for the purpose of deciding on a Unitary Diapason, has now terminated its work. The Commission, after explaining the inconvenience resulting from the continual ascension given to the pitch of stringed instruments (which become more brilliant the higher they are screwed up) and the injurious influence of this ascension upon the voice of singers, which are obliged to mount with the ascent of the diapason, proposes to consider the true *la* as being fixed at 570 vibrations to the second. This diapason—whose adoption will necessitate a descent of nearly a tone from the “pitch” now in vogue—is to be adopted at all the Government schools and in the opera orchestras, which are here under the immediate control of the Government. The new diapason will not be made obligatory except in institutions dependent on the Government; but as the Paris Opera is the centre and arbiter of musical affairs for the rest of the world, its adoption here will doubtless be found to necessitate its adoption everywhere else; as the great composers will now write with reference to it, and each range of voices being the same all the world over, it will be necessary for musical instruments to bring themselves into harmony with the voices, and with the musical productions composed for them.

Your readers no doubt remember how, at the close of the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Prince Napoleon went on a cruising expedition, accompanied by a number of *seamas* and artists in the Northern Seas, whence he brought back a very valuable collection of birds' eggs and feathers (the largest extant), canoes, instruments, implements, dresses, samples of manufactures, manuscripts, &c., which has just been arranged in the pretty little Palace in the Champs Elysees, which he has made a present of to his young wife, as a sort of retiring-place for her when she wishes for a day's quiet in the midst of the court ceremony and gaiety with which she is surrounded. It appears that Lord Dufferin, in his famous fast-sailing yacht, joined the Prince's little fleet, and accompanied its wanderings for some time; after which he took leave of his French companions, and went on to Spithead, where he landed at English Bay. The Island, which is uninhabited, and only occasionally visited by fishermen and elder-down collectors, was an utter solitude. Lord Dufferin, before leaving his inhospitable banks, deposited his card in a tin box secured under a pyramidal heap of stones; the card invited whoever should be its finder to a good dinner in his lordship's ancestral home. This invitation remained for four years unnoticed; but has just been found by the Swedish Magister

Sorrell, who, in company with Nordenfjeld and Herr Overmeyer, a student from Finland, having undertaken a scientific expedition from Hammerfest to Spitzbergen, discovered the tin box, and now intends, as we learn from the Scandinavian papers, to go to Ireland next Spring expressly to present Lord Dufferin with his card, and to avail himself of the invitation so curiously obtained.

QUANTUM.

AN “EGYPTIAN” ANECDOTE.

The Rosetta Stone has recently been a subject of much interest here, owing to the precious genius of three youthful Champollions, (whose labors are really creditable—in an artistic point of view,) and in looking over their book, the other day, we were reminded of an anecdote of the veritable Champollion, which has never seen the light, in type, on this side of the “big pond,” at least, and which is quite funny (and no less true than funny) as affording a specimen of what? Let our readers judge by the sequel. Here is the story:

There dwelt in Paris, some twenty years ago, (and may dwell there yet for all we know to the contrary,) a distinguished amateur of hieroglyphics, named M. Denon. M. D. was the indefatigable collector of Egyptian “scraps,” which he caused to be sent him—on papyrus—from all the Pyramids, Sphynxes, &c., and which he afterwards had copied in handsome volumes, by a clever artist named Maschereau, but who knew nothing whatever—and cared less—about the meaning of these mystic symbols. One day, M. Denon received a new “papyrus” covered with elaborate picture-writings, and hurrying off to his painter-friend, without attempting to decipher them, he said, “Maschereau, my dear fellow, I want you to do me a great favor. Champollion, the great Champollion, comes to dine with me this evening. Now here is a hieroglyph I have just received; it is very much torn and defaced, and I want you to copy it clearly for me between this and dinner-time, that I may surprise M. Champollion, and get him to read it for me.”

Maschereau was poor and M. Denon paid well; so he promised, and went to work, while his patron went off to market. But, alas! scarcely had the poor painter got one fellow with a huzzar's neck fairly drawn, when, horrible to relate! he upset the inkstand right upon the precious papyrus, utterly obliterating the entire collection of impossible monsters that figured thereon.

Maschereau was in despair. He washed, and wiped, and scratched the papyrus, in vain! Not a monster could he make out! For some moments he was plunged in a stupor of fear and horror, for his very bread and butter were at the mercy of M. Denon. At length, however, his very extremity gave him courage, and a brilliant idea suggested itself to him. “After all,” said he to himself, “what is the difference between hieroglyph and hieroglyph? Here have I been copying them for ten years, and they are all nothing but the same string of men with birds' heads and wings, sphynxes, ibises, scarabs, asses, &c., &c. I don't believe M. Champollion can tell the difference between the genuine and the bogus. At any rate, I am sure that M. Denon will kick me out of doors if I tell him what has happened to his papyrus. Hang it! ‘as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb,’ I'll make him a hieroglyph of *la Maschereau*, with a double quantity of ibises, crocodiles, birds' heads, bulls, &c. Perhaps M. Champollion won't come, after all.” This soliloquy over, the artist went to work, and drew a magnificent collection of Egyptian monsters, of the most accurate monotony, and having finished them, took them to his patron's house, with this final consoling reflection—“Any how, at the worst, I can swear this is a correct copy of the papyrus—which is illegible—and it isn't my fault if the author writes in an obscure manner.”

M. Denon received the drawing in ecstasies, and insisted on Maschereau's staying to dinner. The painter was forced to accept, still hoping the mighty Champollion would not arrive. But he did, and at dessert, M. Denon said, “Now, Maschereau, go and fetch that—you know what.”

The poor painter, with pale face and trembling knees, brought in the wonderful drawing, and, handing it to M. Champollion, stood like a criminal, awaiting the almost inevitable detection of his fraud. What was his surprise and joy, when the great decipherer of hieroglyphics, after a long and serious scrutiny of the portfolio, began, gravely and learnedly, to explain and translate the crocodiles, ibises, bulls, asses, &c., of Maschereau, into excellent and lucid French—in short, to read clearly, and unhesitatingly a hieroglyph, which meant nothing whatever, unless it were the artistic skill and ingenuity of the French artist.

As we said before, we leave the *mord* to the discrimination of our readers.

WHY THE KING OF NAPLES IS CALLED BOMBA.—The name Bomba is often misinterpreted as having some allusion to bombardments. It is not so. In Italy, when you tell a man a thing which he knows to be false, or when he wishes to convey to you the idea of the utter worthlessness of anything or person, he puffs out his cheek like a bagpiper's in full blow, smites it with his forefinger, and allows the pent breath to explode, with the exclamation “Bomba.” I have witnessed the gesture and heard the sound. Hence, after 1849, when royal orders in the name of the Most Holy Trinity were found to be as worthless as a beggar's in the name of Bacchus or the Madonna, when Ferdinand was perceived to be a worthless liar, his quick-witted people whispered his name. He was called King Bomba, King Puff-cheek, King Liar, King Knave. The name and his character were then so much in harmony that it spread widely, and have been so much in harmony ever since, that he has retained it until now, and will retain it, I suppose, until he is bundled into his unhonored grave.—*Niles and Queries.*

A great many people gain credit for wisdom on the ground of what they never say,—who shake their heads doubtfully, and say with a wise air, “There's a great deal to be said on both sides of the question,”—and possess the reputation for judgment, because they never give judgment.—*Bishop Clarke.*

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Elphale Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five years, who ran up to him exclaiming,

“Father, I want you to buy me some more candy.”

“Father!” was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

“Who were you speaking to, my dear?” he inquired of the little girl.

“I spoke to you, father,” said the little one, surprised.

“Really?” thought Mr. Brown, “this is embarrassing.”

“I am not your father, my dear,” he said, “what is your name?”

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.

“What a funny father you are,” she said; “but you are going to buy me some candy.”

“Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more,” said Brown, nervously.

The little girl clasped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

“Oh, mother,” said the little girl, “just see how much candy father has bought for me!”

“You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones,” said the lady, “I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you get home so quick? I did not expect you till night.”

“Jones—I—madame,” said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, “it's all a mistake: I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Elphale Brown, of W—, and this is the first time I ever came into this city.”

“Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? Perhaps it's your intention to change your wife?”

Mrs. Jones's tone was now defiant, and tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

“I haven't any wife, madame; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, never was married.”

“And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me?” said Mrs. Jones, with excitement.

“If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?”

“I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady,” said Mr. Brown, “and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madame, and always was.”

“Melinda,” said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm, and leading her to Mr. Brown, “Melinda, who is this gentleman?”

“Why, that's father,” was the child's immediate reply, as she confidently placed her hand in his.

“You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature, speaking through the child, should overwhelm me. I should like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like for you to answer that. But I presume you never saw her before in your life!”

“I never did. On my honor I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more.”

“You did, did you? Briled your child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And this is your first step?”

Mrs. Jones was so overcome, that, without any warning she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

“Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?” asked the first comer, of Brown.

“I don't know,” said Mr. Brown. “She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her.”

“Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?”

“Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones.”

“Sir,” said the first speaker, sternly, “this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly.”

Poor Brown was dumfounded.

I wonder, thought he, whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm really Jones, and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all I will insist my name is Brown.

“Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?”

Brown saw there was no use to prolong the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

“Why, are you not going yourself?”

“Why, no, why should I?”

“Your wife should not go alone, she has hardly recovered.”

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make

opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

“Where shall I drive?” said the whip.

“I—I—don't know,” said Mr. Brown.

“Where would you wish to be carried?”

“Home, of course,” murmured Mrs. Jones.

“I do not know,” said Mr. Brown.

“No, 19 H— Street,” said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown.

“Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?” said the lady. “I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit in which you cruelly drove me!”

“Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?” asked Brown with some anxiety.

“Of course,” said Mrs. Jones.

“Then,” said he, resigned, “I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth I haven't any recollection of this house.”

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very face and figure of Mr. Jones in form, feature, and every other respect!

“Gracious!” exclaimed the lady, “which— which is my husband?”

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot.

Mr. Brown had not since visited the place where this “Comedy of Errors” happened. He is afraid of his identity.

THE RUSSIAN FATHER.

A Siberian Cosack, fifty years of age, who had already killed thirty-nine bears, went out to kill the fortieth, accompanied by his son, a young man of twenty, and armed with his rifle instead of a knife. He had taken these precautions because the fortieth bear is generally supposed to be fatal to the sportsman, and avenge his nine-and-thirty brethren. The reason for this is very simple, the huntsman believing the myth misses his bear, but the bear does not miss him. Well, then, the Cosack set out with his son, but instead of finding a bear, they came across a magnificent leopard. The young man, who had never before seen so formidable an animal, was terrified, and when the leopard attacked his father, instead of assisting him, he ran away. The Cosack, with the coolness of an old hunter, waited till the animal was twenty paces from him, and fired. The animal made a gigantic leap and fell dead.

The Cosack turned to his son to see if, on the sound of firing, he would not come back; but the young man did not even turn his head; he continued to fly.

Then the Cosack reloaded his gun, put his knife between his teeth, and went up to the animal. He took off the skin, and went home very thoughtful. His meditations were grave. He was asking himself what punishment the coward deserved who quitted his friend in the moment of danger. And he said:

“The son who abandons a father is more than a coward: he is a traitor.”

When he reached home he had quite decided. He went to his son, who had shut himself up in his room, and ordered him to open the door.

The young man obeyed, and fell at his father's feet.

But the father, without giving any reason, ordered him to take a pick and follow him; he also took one himself.

He led his son about a quarter of a verst from the house, and then traced on the ground a space of six feet long by three wide; then he began breaking up the ground, making a sign for his son to do the same.

The young man, who had no idea what he was doing, set to work. At the end of two hours they had dug a hole in which a man could lie down.

“That is well,” said the father, rising, “now say thy prayer.”

The young man began to understand. Yet there was such decision in the accent with which the words were pronounced that he attempted no resistance.

He fell on his knees and prayed.

The father granted him time to say his prayer; then he measured the distance from which he had fired on the leopard, aimed at his son, and lodged a ball in his head, just at the spot where he had struck the animal.

The young man fell stone dead. The father laid him in the grave, covered him with earth, then, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes, went and told the judge all that had occurred.

He was sent to prison, and ordered to await the judgment of the Governor-General. He obeyed with perfect calmness. The Governor ordered the following sentence:

“For three days and nights the father will hold on his knees his son's head, separated from the body. If he dies, or goes mad, it will be the judgment of Heaven. If he survives it, he will have judged, not according to the wrath of man, but the conscience of a father.”

The judgment was made known to the old Cosack, who performed the task with perfect tranquillity, and was immediately set at liberty.

He reached the age of eighty, killed his fortieth bear without any misadventure, and after that a great number of others. He died in 1851, without evincing the slightest remorse.

—*Alexander Thomas.*

The man whose hardy spirit shall engage To look the vices of a guilty age.

At his first setting forward ought to know That every rogue he meets must be his foe.

That the rude breath of satire will provoke Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.

—*Chancellor.*

Talking of the universal demand for fees prevalent among the Russians, and known by the name of *satokoy*, or tea money, Dumas mentions as a Russian tale that when the Slavon was first made he turned to his Creator and said, “Excellency, some drink money, if you please.”

ARABIAN HORSE TAMING.

“The only method of making horses infallibly docile,” says General Daumas, “is, according to the Arabs, to give them riders of a weight corresponding to their strength at the very earliest age. The existence of the Arab horse is perpetual movement; he is never at rest; he goes far and wide for his rider's purposes, far and wide even to fetch his own food; farther and wider still, very often, to fetch his drink. But this makes him like his master, astomous and indefatigable; and this is the kind of apprenticeship which makes him, in moments of emergency, capable of incredible efforts. * * * At eighteen months old, a child leads the foal to grass, or to the water, wherever that may be, or mounts him with an easy, soft, gentle touch. This exercise calls both the horse and rider, and the child grows up to know how to ride. This is the principal cause of the possibility which the Arab possesses of securing you with truth, that ‘he has to learn what is the meaning of a restive horse.’”

By the way, Mr. Racy's much vaunted system of horse-training has light thrown on it in the pages of General Daumas. The “Cavalier-type,” as the French call him, the rider who indubitably, in modern times, as nearly as possible, realizes the existence of the fabled Centaur of the ancients, never admits of the practice known in all other parts of the world, under the denomination of “horse breaking.” The Arabs “break in” no horses, nor would dream of such a proceeding. He “educates” the animal, so that he shall never stand in need of being “broken in”; and he lays down as a principle never to be violated, the “avoidance of any of those struggles between the horse and his rider which, supposing even the latter to be victorious, make the man's victory possible only at the expense of the horse's best qualities.” At two years and a-half a full grown man mounts the young horse. But for a considerable time he never goes beyond a foal's space, and he is only required to be gentle. His bit is the lightest imaginable; his rider has no spurs; under his hand is only a mere twig, which he tries never to use.

“In this way,” says the General, “he goes to market, visits his friends, inspects his pasture land and flocks, and sees to his affairs, requiring only from his companion obedience and docility, both of which he usually obtains by speaking to the horse in a loud, kind tone, but never showing anger, and never provoking resistance. * * * At the age of three, or between that and four years, some what more is demanded from the horse, whose food is now very abundant. Spurs are then used for the first time; and to docility it is necessary he should add boldness. This is easy too; for the numerous beasts of all kinds that, in the *desert*, have been life-long his companions in the day, have used him to every species of noise; besides which he has heard the hootings and howlings of the wild animals that prowl round the tents at night, and that ceaseless firing of pistols and guns that is quite inseparable from his master's every-day existence; all of which makes it hard to frighten or take a horse by surprise.”

TWO SPEECHES.

It was not long after Mr. Jefferson became President that Mr. Brent appeared in the field against Lewis. Mr. Brent's political life was ended in 1811, because, as a Senator from Virginia, he voted for the renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States in defiance of the instructions of the Legislature of his State.

Lewis told me many years after the event that an immense crowd convened on the Sabbath before the election in the German settlement to witness the contest between Brent and himself. After the services were ended, Brent arose, and with all the powers of a rich and gorgeous eloquence, depicted in glowing terms the enchanting beauties of republicanism, the rising glories of our country under the prosperous administration of Mr. Jefferson, that our commerce whitened every sea, and our yeomen, mechanics, merchants, and professional men were all enjoying the smiles of fortune and growing wealthy under the benign influence of equal and constitutional laws.

Some of the friends of Lewis (who had come there expressly to prevent his being crushed by the superior power of Brent) were alarmed for his safety. Not so with Lewis, who was a plain and poorly educated man, read no books, scarcely ever spoke in Congress, but who was gifted with a strong, clear, powerful intellect, and above all, an intimate, profound knowledge of human nature—his temper perfectly unruled in every position—calm and self-possessed in difficulty and danger.

He arose and said:

“Old friends and neighbors. You all know me. I can not compete with my opponent in speaking, but can tell the truth.”

“He depends on Mr. Jefferson's good fortune. Now, suppose one of you farmers cut down and clear a piece of woods—grub up the stumps—plough and sow the soil, and another man at harvest comes in and reaps the grain. Which of these persons deserves most credit?”

“Why, he sure, he who cleared the soil and sowed the grain,” said the whole Dutch congregation, in one universal chorus.

“Well, just so with Mr. Jefferson. Washington cleared the field—Jefferson slips in and gets all the credit.”

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS
AT CASTELLANE.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH INVESTIGATOR.

I had some renown as a successful regent-keeper; and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps; and though I served under the Sub-Prefect of the Third Arrondissement, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the Prefect, ordering me to come to Tignes, and see him with all possible despatch. The message came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner; assumed the dress of a peasant; browned my face and hands, and set forth. I reached Tignes just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied. "Sit down and listen."

We sat down, and having tasted a glass of wine, he proceeded:

"Within a few months past, there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this Department, and in the Department of Var that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly, on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marcellus merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant also, and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of ill-treatment have been found upon any of them; but they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?"

I asked.

The Prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some innkeeper may administer the poison, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the Prefect with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without effect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you."

After conferring a while longer with the Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing; and thus habited, I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woolen factory and examined a lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaine; so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarmes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done fifteen minutes after the policeman had passed the spot.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he had held, was fastened upon Juan Fontaine, the innkeeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths. He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Farewell!" he muttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already!"

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaine knew nothing of the guilty party. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime. Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt, but I thought differently.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again; but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woolen factory, and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Casanbon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before. He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen when I really wished to suspect. In conver-

sing upon the murders, he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said, "Very well;" and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good-day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Casanbon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase, because he charged me too much, why didn't he hanker me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Casanbon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory, and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him, if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air. It seemed to say—

"Oh! I haven't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Casanbon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done, verged so closely upon the marvellous, that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint-Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garments were covered with mud. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer, I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If Monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head, but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I pretended to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a side-long glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom, and draw something out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist, and bent it upward, and as I did so, I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols, and cocking it. "I will simply inform you, that I am an officer of the Prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary merchants' pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouth-piece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Casanbon?" I remarked by way of letting him know that I was thoroughly informed.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to re-

cover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about St. Louis Casanbon."

He was watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained the secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Casanbon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Casanbon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine, which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in travelling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the matter obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Casanbon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of mother-of-pearl. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it, the plate had to be removed. And now comes the infernal feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Casanbon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a while a piece of felt was used, and on the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. He would no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall like an insensibility ere he could comprehend what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy; and having left him in charge of the Sub-Prefect, I took a gentleman along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Casanbon was surprised to see me back so soon; but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the gendarme, and bade him put the hand-cuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the door. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything; but when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Casanbon was tried and condemned to death; and the Prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

LOVE AMONG THE ARABS.—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the right side, while his wife milks the cow upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts all the compliments on the outside. With him, the point of a pin is its best, whilst its head is made its best. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs; but he measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats almost nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner; but after the work of the day is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or, better still, boiled butter. His sons eat with him; but the females of the house wait till his lordship has done. He rides his donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, fireplaces may be put in the same category. If he is an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water like a sponge; but he never bathes in it, unless his home be on the seashore. He is rarely seen drunk, too seldom speaks the truth, is deficient in affection for his kindred, has little curiosity, and no imitation, no wish to improve his mind, no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life. Such are some of the peculiarities of Arab life.

It is our duty not only to scatter bene-

fits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.—*Chrestfield.*

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

BY OWEN KEENEITH.

The folds of her wine-dark velvet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall.
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings;
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous
braid.

In the twilight are sparkling her rings.
As she leans,—the slow smile half shut up in her
eyes.

Beneath the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
There her crimson lips, stirred by her faint repulse,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans,—where your eye by her beauty sub-
dued
Droops from under warm fringes of broodery
white.

The slightest of feet—silk-slippers, d. prostrate,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her
cheek.

The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses
suffuse
With herself and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtain'd, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures,
and flowers.

When the dark day's half done, and the snow but-
ters white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold,—neath the low leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the
gendarme

Stalks surly; a far distant carriage hums by—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrill'd
mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say,—
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon—then's the time to
behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping
rose.

'Neath that veil,—o'er the velvet and furs which
enfold her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose,—

As she glides up the sunlight! You'd say she was
made
To loiter in a carriage, all day, with a smile;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be woo'd for a while.

Could we find out her heart thro' that velvet and
lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous
dress?

She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the
world—
(—Live with sorrow and sin,—live with pain and
with passion,—)

Who could live with a doll, tho' its locks should
be curl'd
And its petticoats trimm'd in the fashion?

'Tis fair—would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?

Is it made with its beauty, of wax or of wood
—Is it worth while to guess at all this?

• Robert Bulwer Lytton, the son of the distin-
guished novelist.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT;
OR,
A NIGHT IN A COACH HOUSE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

The point about which the traveller should
take especial care in engaging a *retourne* (the
driver of the *legno*, the national vehicle of Italy),
is the *buono* *mano*, that is to say the drink-mo-
ney. This is an affair of great importance, and
must be discreetly managed. On the drink-mo-
ney depends the time the journey will last;
this time varies, at the will of the driver, from
six to twelve hours in going from Leghorn to
Florence. A friend of ours, a Russian Prince,
who had neglected to inform himself on this
matter, was even so long as twenty-four hours
on the road, and passed a very wretched night
into the bargain.

Here is the story:
The Prince C— had arrived with his mo-
ther and a German servant at Leghorn; like
every other traveller who arrives at Leghorn,
he at once looked about him for some way to
get out of it in the quickest possible manner.
And in Leghorn the way is ever open to you;
you have but to avail yourself of it.

The *retourne* who presented himself had
learned from the *fischini* (porters) who had
carried the trunks, that he had to deal with a
Prince. Consequently he had asked him twelve
piastres* instead of ten, and on his side, in-
stead of offering five, the Prince answered:—
"Very well, I will give you twelve piastres;
but as I do not wish to be annoyed by the coach-
man at every relay, you will take charge of the
buono *mano*." "All right!" the *retourne* had re-
plied; so the Prince C— had handed over the
twelve piastres, and the *legno* started off on a
full gallop, carrying himself and all his effects.

It was nine o'clock in the morning; the Prince
had calculated that he should reach Florence at
about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

At half a mile from Leghorn the horses natu-
rally slackened their pace, and proceeded on a
walk. As for the coachman he began to sing
on his seat, only interrupting himself to talk
with acquaintances; but soon, as it is inconve-
nient to talk even on a walk, he stopped every-
thing he had occasion to speak to a passer-by.

The Prince bore this for almost three-quarters
of an hour; but, at the end of that time, calcu-
lating that they had gone about a mile, he put
his head out of the carriage window and cried
to the coachman in the purest Tuscan:—"Aman-
ti! *ancora!* tirate via."

* A piastre is about equal in value to 50 cents,
American currency.

† "Come! come! whip up your horses."

"How much drink-money will you give?"

asked the coachman in the same strain.

"What are you talking to me about drink-mo-
ney for?" said the Prince; "I gave your
master twelve piastres on condition that he
should see to everything."

"The masters have nothing to do with drink-mo-
ney," replied the coachman; "how much
drink-money will you give?"

"Not a cent, I have paid already."

"Then, if your Excellency pleases, we will
continue to go on a walk."

"What, walk? but your master engaged to
take me to Florence in six hours."

"Where is the contract, the paper?" asked
the coachman.

"The paper? was it necessary to draw up a
written agreement for that?"

"You must see that, if you have not the
paper, you cannot force me to go any faster."

"So I can't force you, eh?" said the Prince.

"No, your Excellency."

"Very well, we'll see about that."

"Yes, we will see about that," tranquilly re-
peated the coachman; and he again started his
horse on a walk.

"Frants," said the Prince, in Saxon, to his
servant, "get down and give that fellow a
thrashing."

Frants got down from the carriage without
making the least observation in the world,
lifted the coachman off his box, dragged him
soundly with a gravity purely German, put
him back in his seat; then, showing him the
road:—"Forwards!" said he to him, as he took
a seat on the box by his side. The coachman
started again; this time a little slower than be-
fore. One gets tired of everything in this
world, even of beating a coachman. The Prince,
convinced that one way or another, he would
get to Florence at last, advised his mother to
go to sleep, and leaning back in his corner, he
gave her the example.

The coachman took six hours to go from
Leghorn to Pontedera; this was four hours
more than was necessary; then, arriving at
Pontedera, he requested the Prince to get out,
announcing that they were to change carriages.

"But," said the Prince, "I paid your master
twelve piastres on the express condition that
we should not change carriages."

"Where is the paper?" asked the coach-
man.

"You know very well, you rascal, that I
haven't any paper."

"Well, then, if you haven't any paper we
will change carriages here."

The Prince had a great mind to thrash the
coachman this time himself; but he saw, by
the faces of those who surrounded the car-
riage, that it would not be prudent. So he got
out of the *legno*; his baggage was thrown out
on the ground, and after waiting about an
hour, they brought out to him a fearfully rheu-
matic cart, for it could scarcely be called a car-
riage, and two woe-begone horses, who looked
as if they had but a breath apiece left in their
wretched bodies.

In any other circumstance, the Prince, who is
at once as generous as a grand Russian noble-
man and a French artist, would have given a
Louis (85) to the driver; but he was so much
in the right, that to yield appeared to him a
bad precedent to establish, and he accordingly
resolved to brave it out. So he got into the
cart, and the new coachman, who had been
forewarned that no drink-money was to be ex-
pected, started off on a walk, followed by the
laughter and almost jeers of the lookers on.

This time, the horses were so poor, that it
would have been cruel to ask to have them go
faster than a walk. So the Prince was six
hours more in going from Pontedera to Empoli.

Entering Empoli, the driver stopped his
horses, and came to the carriage window.

"His Excellency sleeps here," said he to the
Prince.

"What do you mean by saying that I sleep
here? Are we in Florence yet?"

"No, Excellency; we are in Empoli, a charm-
ing city."

"I paid your master twelve piastres to sleep
at Florence, and not at Empoli. I shall sleep
at Florence."

"Where is the paper, Excellency?"

"Go to the devil with your paper!"

"Your Excellency has no paper?"

"No!"

"Very well," said the coachman, getting up
to his seat again.

"What do you say?" cried the Prince.

"I say very well," replied the coachman,
whipping up his bony nags.

And for the first time since they had left
Leghorn, the Prince felt that he was travelling
on a slow trot. The pace seemed to him quite
promising; he put his head out of the window;
the streets were thronged with people, and the
windows were all illuminated; it was the festi-
val of the Madonna of Empoli, who passed for
a very miraculous person. In crossing the
grand square, he saw that people were dancing.

The Prince was engaged in looking at the
people, the illuminations, and the dances,
when suddenly he perceived that they were
entering under a sort of archway; the car-
riage stopped immediately afterward.

"Where are we?" asked the Prince.

"Under the coach-house of the inn, Excel-
lency."

"Why under the coach-house, pray?"

"Because it will be more convenient to
change the horses."

"Come, then, be quick about it," said the
Prince.

"Sabote!" replied the coachman.

The Prince already knew that there were cer-
tain words in Italian which you must not put
confidence in, since they always mean just the
opposite of what they appear to. How-
ever, seeing that they were really taking out the
horses, he shut the carriage door, and waited.

After waiting half an hour, he lowered the
glass, and leaning out of the carriage:—

"Well!" said he. No one answered him.

"Frants!" now cried the Prince; "Frants!"

"Monsieur," replied Frants, suddenly awak-
ened from a sound sleep.

"Where the devil are we now?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, milord."

"What! do you not know?"

A WARNING.

Place your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch:
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it:
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life:
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Not to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take:
Love for love: so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love; though ready
Still to live without:
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow;
Love has but to-day:
If the links seem slackening,
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise;
Words are grains of sand:
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it began,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The party moved slowly homewards, two of the men riding in advance with Annie between them, while her horse was led by a third. But little was said among them, for Annie seemed not inclined to talk, and they considerably forbore to disturb her. On reaching the house they found the remainder of the party sitting near the fire in the room where they had left them; no trace of the robbers was left; and at one side of the room, on a settee, supported by pillows, lay Koney, sharply, though, as subsequent examination proved, not at all dangerously wounded, by a dagger stab; and near him sat Mr. Brennington. Annie ran up to her father, threw her arms around his neck, and wept convulsively for some minutes. All the pent up feeling that she had repressed so bravely, now broke loose, and she gave full way to it. In her eagerness to reach her father, she had literally not seen Koney at all, when she first entered; but now, when the paroxysm of feeling had subsided, and she raised her head and saw his pale face looking at her, she quitted her hold of her father, and dropping on her knees by her lover's side she—well, so many descriptions of similar scenes have been written, that I don't think it is worth while for me to add one to the number, particularly as such scenes are all pretty much alike. I will say this much, however—that when she rose to her feet again, every one of the dozen or more men present, comprehended how matters stood between them, quite as well as you and I do.

To tell the truth, Annie, in the sudden rush of feeling which had come over her, had been a good deal more demonstrative than she would have been, had she not for the moment forgotten the existence of anybody but herself and her lover; and when she raised her head and saw them all standing around, she sprang to her feet, and with face and neck burning, darted through the door and up stairs to her own room, like a frightened deer, and made her appearance no more that night.

The young man who had hitherto seemed to take the lead, now asked one of those who had remained in the house,

"How did Baldwin get hurt; and what's become of the fellow I shot from the window, and how did the rest get off, and where's—"

"Softly, Harry," interrupted the other, "one question at a time, if you please; and don't ask 'em in quite such a masterful way. I'll tell you the whole story. Just as you left, Baldwin knocked down one of the rascals, and jumped through the other door, but was stopped by a couple more of 'em outside; the others made a rush for the door right after him; we were afraid to fire then for fear of hitting the wrong men, so we dropped guns and after 'em bare handed, and grappled 'em in the yard. We were all there pell-mell, in the dark, and in the scuffle Baldwin got stabbed by one of 'em. Pistols were cracking all around; by the flash of one of 'em, I saw a hand with a dirk in it, come down on somebody, and the next moment Baldwin reeled back against me. I let go of the fellow I was scuffling with and caught him before he fell. The others must have seen it too, for they all let go and came flocking round like a set of ganders, and of course the robbers made the best of their way off."

"What did you let 'em go for?" inquired the first speaker, angrily, turning to the others; "couldn't one man have taken care of Baldwin, without all the rest of you coming to help him?"

"May it please your high and mighty ex-

celsency, Mr. Major General Magnifico Harry, who made you commander here, and gave you a right to ask impertinent questions?" said one of those he addressed, with an unpleasant sneer. "If you want to know, we let 'em go because they had their knives and pistols, and we had our bare hands; and if, for one, don't try to hold men at such odds as that, without some better reason than we had this time; our business was to save Baldwin, and that we did."

"Well, well," said Harry, "we won't quarrel about it; I didn't mean to take any command in the matter—and nobody but a jealous-pated fool would have thought so."

So saying, he turned to the one who had been speaking previous to the interruption, and requested him to go on.

"Well, that's the matter," said he; "we let Baldwin to the settee, and stripped off his coat and shirt to find the wound. He had been struck on the shoulder, a downward blow, that I think was stopped by the bone, for the blade was broken off in the wound."

It was now about ten o'clock, and after some farther parley, eight of the party started after the body of Abe, on foot, provided with a couple of hatchets, and some rope, for the purpose of making a rude litter on which to carry it. Mr. Brennington and the rest remained to guard the house.

Abe's body was found where they had placed it, the wide open eyes staring up at the sky. The litter was soon constructed, by cutting down saplings and lashing them together with the rope; the body was laid upon it, and the party took up their solemn march, four carrying the litter and four walking alongside, relieving each other at intervals, until they reached the house, and deposited their ghastly burden in an out-house, placing the body of the dead robber beside it.

In the morning, the Coroner was hunted up, a jury obtained, and, after hearing all the testimony in the case, a verdict in accordance with the facts, was rendered. The body of the robber was buried by the river bank, and word was sent to Kennet concerning Abe.

In the course of the day, his friends sent for his body, and took it home; and that evening, in a corner of the grave-yard, with none but two or three of his nearest friends around, and the cold stars above, was buried, in silence and darkness, all that was left of the misguided Abe Spicer.

On the following morning, Sam and Harry, by the advice of Mr. Brennington, accompanied the latter to the nearest magistrate, and gave themselves up. The testimony of Harry's companions, and of Annie, who, at her father's request, accompanied them, was so conclusive, however, that the magistrate took the responsibility of stretching his authority so far as to dismiss the case, with the remark that the community ought to be very much obliged to both Sam and Harry, for saving the court and the hangman a labor. In ordinary times this would not have done at all; but in the unsettled state of the country, men had other things to think of, than enforcing compliance with forms of law; and in the course of a few months, so many other more important events had transpired, that the affair was forgotten by most, and was never taken up again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SQUIRE'S ESCAPE.

Squire Chandler had not been within his own door for six weeks, but had remained concealed in the house of a friend at some distance, occasionally venturing out in the disguise of a laborer, which he had used more or less through the winter. He was frequently accosted at these times by persons who were anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, with inquiries as to where he could be found. Of course the information gained by these inquisitive people was not of the most satisfactory character. His wife visited him in his concealment as often as she dared, cheering and encouraging him by her hearty approval of his course, and her sympathy with the feeling which had dictated it. No whisper of complaint at his long absence from her ever passed her lips, nor did she believe did such a feeling ever find a lodgment in her mind for a moment. What he thought right she thought right, and gave him up to his country willingly, bravely sinking all personal considerations in the one of public duty.

One evening, about the beginning of April, the Squire had ventured home, there having been no signs of his hunters in the neighborhood for some time. He was sitting by the fire with his family around him, all except Dick, who was still at Valley Forge, having renewed his enlistment when his term of service expired. His brother Richard was there also, and his old friend William Willson and his wife. The latter was placidly knitting, as usual, and listening to the deep, calm voice of the Squire, who was conversing with his brother and William Willson.

"Hark! I heard the tread of horses," exclaimed William Willson, suddenly interrupting him.

All were silent in a moment, and listening intently; one of the Squire's sons rose and went towards the door to look out; as he placed his hand on the latch the door was pushed open from without, and a man in the uniform of a British Light Horseman appeared on the threshold! In an instant, before he had time to speak, the quick-witted boy slammed the door in his face, placed the bar across it, and then sprang across the room and knocked over the candle as the speediest way of extinguishing it. The momentary glimpse he had caught of the yard had shown it full of British troops!

"Guard the doors!" shouted the officer, as soon as he recovered from the shock of this rather unwill reception, "watch every outlet."

The men scattered at once, placing themselves around the house in readiness to seize or shoot down any one who might issue from it.

The officer then struck sharply on the door with his sabre hilt, exclaiming,

"Open the door within there, or we'll drive it down."

No answer was returned, and without further

parley a heavy rail was taken from the fence near, and lunged against the door by three or four of the men like a battering ram; another and another blow were given, and the stout, oaken door began to shake, when a voice within exclaimed,

"Stop, stop! you needn't break the door down; I'll open it."

"Do it at once then," said the officer, mentioning the men back, "or we'll do it for you."

The bar was then removed, and the door opened; stepping into the room the officer found only a few plain, farmer-looking folk sitting quietly around a kitchen fire-place with the fire apparently raked up for the night, and a candle burning on the dresser, affording sufficient light to see all the faces in the room distinctly.

He scanned them curiously, but saw no one who answered the description of the Squire. He then turned upon Richard Chandler, who had opened the door, and demanded sternly,

"Where is the master of this house; and how dare you attempt to bar the door against the King's troops?"

"The master of the house is not here," said Richard, "and the door was barred by this foolish boy, who managed to upset the candle in doing it. I opened the door as soon as we had got another light so that I could see what I was doing."

This was not a very plausible story, but it was the best that Richard could concoct in a hurry, not being gifted with any very great readiness in lying, in which he resembled his brother, the Squire.

The officer looked hard at him for a moment, and then answered,

"I doubt your story, sir; it don't hang well together; I have received certain information that the notorious rebel scout, Chandler, was here this evening; you don't quite answer the description or I should feel inclined to take you on suspicion; who are you, sir?"

"I am the brother of the man you mean," said Richard, "and am, as well as his other relations, a loyal subject."

"Then it is your duty, as a loyal subject, to tell me where to find him. Do you know where he is?"

"I've told you, already, I'm his brother," said Richard, sternly; "do you think I'd betray him, if he was twenty times a rebel?"

"Very well, sir," answered the officer, "you will please stay where you are, and your friends here; the first one that speaks or attempts to leave the room, while we search the house, shall be gagged and tied hand and foot."

The men were then called in, leaving sufficient outside to guard against escape from within, and proceeded, systematically, to ransack the house. They had scarcely begun fairly, however, when the stillness outside was broken by a voice yelling,

"Dar he goes! dar he goes! Hurry up dar, you sengers, if you wan't to catch him! Dar he goes round de corner o' de barn."

All hands rushed to the door, and beheld Sam crouching frantically about near the barn yard gate, gesticulating violently, and pointing with eager gestures in the direction of the woods which lay about in a line with the barn.

The officer sprang through the door, followed by all his men, and seizing Sam by the collar, exclaimed,

"Stop your infernal howling, you black rascal, and tell me which way he went."

"Right over dar," said Sam, again pointing to the woods; "I seed him sneak out o' de little door 'n' creep along by de end o' de barn; den he run like a white heat across de old 'tater patch, towards the woods. Dar he goes now!" he yelled again, "I see him sneakin' along de fence."

"By Jove," said the officer, "so he is; mount and after him, boys."

The troopers were in the saddle instantly, and the whole party dashed at full speed across the fields in pursuit.

Sam did not attempt to follow them, but darted to the barn, opened the door, and let out the mare, saddled and bridled, left her standing in the shadow of the wall, shot back to the house, leaving the barn yard gate wide open behind him, and exclaimed to the wondering group in the kitchen—

"Jolly! Ef dey ain't fooled! What's de Squire? De mare's stannin' by de gate all ready, and de decessed fools is a runnin' into de woods arter nuffin. I hope dey'll break deir ugly necks in de gully."

Before Sam had finished uttering this charitable wish, the Squire dropped from the chimney where he had been concealed, and with a brief "Thank you, Sam," hurried out, sprang into the saddle, and was off with the speed of a hawk.

"Well done, Sam," said Richard, "you've saved my brother; how did you know of the soldiers being here?"

"Why, I was a comin' home from de sto', as," answered Sam, "an' I heered 'em a comin' along de road; I bid 'em a big tree 'till dey got past, an' den I follered 'em, to see what dey was arter. I kep' close to de fence, 'till dey come near de turn in de road, an' den I hopped over into de woods an' out across so as to head 'em, 'cause dere was a feller ridin' alongside de Cap'n dat hadn't no senger clo'es on. I laid down in de fence corner 'till dey come up, an' den, who do you tink I seed?"

"Who was it?" inquired several voices at once.

"Why," said Sam slowly, with his eyes wide open, "why, it wan't nobody else but Billy Crosby wot libe at Uncle Joesy Chandler's."

William Willson and Richard glanced at each other significantly.

Sam continued; "I wondered what de land he was doid wid de sengers, an' I kep' as close as I could, an' I listened. He was a tellin' de Cap'n all about de house, an' how many doors an' winders, an' whar dey was, an' den he said he mus' git out de way afore de Squire was tuk, 'cause if he was seed, de country 'ud be too hot for him. I didn't wait no longer, den, but ran across de woods like a black snake, an' got into de barn, jib' as de sengers come up to de house. I slap de saddle an' bridle on de mare de fas' ting, an' den I peeeped out troo' a crack in de door an' seed Billy a sneakin' out towards de woods, and den I yelled out, 'Dar he goes!—"

I spee' you heered me—an' as soon as dey was all aboot de barn a-chase' Billy for de Squire, I fetched out de mare, an' come into de house to tell; an' now I mus' out toder way, 'cause if dey come back here arter dey catches Billy, dey won't leave no wool on me."

So saying, Sam vanished. William and Sarah Willson also took their leave, and were out of sight before the soldiers returned.

Sam's stratagem had been completely successful. The British officer having caught a glimpse of a figure stealing along the fence, had felt so certain of his man, that he had, as I said, called off his whole party, sentries and all, to the pursuit, not thinking necessary to guard the house any longer. They rushed at full speed past the barn and up the meadow slope, on the top of which they had deserted the figure. They soon overtook the supposed fugitive scout; the officer reining up his horse as he reached him, leaped over and seized him by the collar, dropping his sword point to his breast and shouting,

"Surrender, you rebel dog, or I'll run you through."

"Ouch! don't stick me, I ain't no rebel," "please don't stick me, I ain't no rebel."

"What the d—!" said his captor, aghast, "this ain't the scouting Squire; as I live," he exclaimed, "his own guide! What do you mean by sneaking off in this way, leading us astray?"

"Why, Captain," said Crosby, "you know I told you I musn't be seen near the house."

"Then it was the nigger that led us off—curse his black skin," said the officer; "I'll flay it off him, if I catch him. Back to the house, all of you!"

They went back; but as we have already seen, too late. Their prey had escaped them. An ineffectual search was made, and after compelling Molly Chandler to furnish them with supper, they quartered themselves in the house for the night.

The next two or three days were spent in fruitlessly scouring the country, annoying the farmers, and scaring their wives and daughters, but procuring no trace of the object of their search, though he had seen them half-a-dozen times from his place of concealment, and had more than once shifted his quarters as it became evident they would be searched. They ransacked William Willson's house (where the Squire had not been concealed at all) from top to bottom; they peered up the chimneys and under the beds, and thrust their swords through the beds; they looked behind the older barrels and into the pork barrel, opened the tall eight day clock in the best room, and emptied the big chest in the garret; they turned half the hay out of the hay-mow, leaving Sam and Abraham to turn it back if they chose, and emptied the oak chest into sacks—which they carried off with them—and, in a general way, "turned up Jack," in their search after a man who was all the time snugly ensconced a mile away.

They served a good many others in the same manner, but as I said before, without success, and at last gave up the search and left the neighborhood, to the great relief of all the inhabitants, and the particular joy of Sam, whom it had cost a large expenditure of ingenuity, as well as violent exercise of legs, to keep within sight of the party during their peregrinations (to which duty he had devoted himself), and to keep from being caught, at the risk of being recognised as the Will o' the Wisp who had started them on the fool's errand from Squire Chandler's.

This was the last attempt that was made to capture the Squire. Rumors soon after began to spread over the country that the British would not attempt to hold Philadelphia much longer, and continued to grow stronger, until, in the latter part of May, it was ascertained beyond a doubt, that the city would soon be freed from its dissolute masters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCENE CLOSES.

With the eighteenth of June, 1778, came the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and its occupation by the American troops; and soon after followed a terrible upsetting of "existing institutions" in Thornbury. Loyalty, which had lately been so loud-mouthed and demonstrative, became suddenly quiet and modest, and disposed to withdraw from public view; while Patriotism, which Loyalty had called Rebellion, became rampant and aggressive.

Informations and denunciations—with an eye to subsequent confiscations—of men who had been prominent as Tories, and of men who, not having been prominent at all, were suspected of being Tories, poured in upon Squire Chandler, who had now no occasion to conceal himself, unless it were from his too officious friends. Some of the farmers in his own neighborhood had managed occasionally to turn an honest penny or two by sending stores to the British while in Philadelphia. They had done it very carefully, and flattered themselves that no one suspected them; but they had been known and marked, nevertheless; and now, when the tables were turned, and it was safe to do so, they were denounced, arrested, and heavily fined, or their goods confiscated. Portions of the Squire's docket still exist, to show how these gentry were dealt with.

At the same time, I regret to say that some idle young rascals in the neighborhood constituted themselves a kind of "Committee of Vigilance," and under cover of extraordinary zeal in ferreting out Tories, committed a great many acts which, in more peaceable times, would be called pillage. They would go in bands to the houses of any who, in their discretion, they chose to consider as disaffected, and help themselves to whatever they fancied. Provisions, furniture, beds, bedclothes, wearing apparel, nothing came amiss to them, and in the confused state of affairs the law was powerless to check them.

Their exactions had been submitted to so generally for some time, that they began to expect submission as a matter of course; but one day they received an unexpected check. Not wishing to be partial or to slight any one, after having visited a good many other places, some half-dozen of them called, one fine morning, on Richard Chandler. While the rest

stopped outside, the leader entered the house, and seeing some but women present, began bullying them, and finally roughly ordered them to give him some liquor for himself and his companions. They told him they had some in the house. With an oath he said he would see about that, and added that if they did not get some, he would carry off a quilt that was just finished, and was still standing in the frame, besides all the bedding and clothes they could find. The trembling women still insisted that they had no liquor, and the young ruffian was proceeding to remove the quilt, when a door leading into an adjoining room opened, and Richard Chandler appeared.

"Stop," said he, "we have nothing to spare, and wouldn't give it to you if we had; you have robbed a good many people about here, but you won't rob me."

"Go to the d—, old Tory!" said the fellow, insolently; "we've had an eye on you for a good while, and now we'll make a clean sweep, if it's only to learn you to be devil to your betters."

Richard kept his temper.

As the fellow spoke, he turned to the quivering frame again, and began to take it apart. Richard kept his temper.

The consequence of this law was, that the "patriotic" plunderer suddenly found himself picked up by the waistband of his breeches and the back of his cravat, and the next instant he was tumbling heels over head through the door, among his wondering companions; by the time he had got upon his feet, Richard was standing in the doorway with a cocked musket in his hands, his square form dilating, and his black eyes sparkling with the wrath that was in him.

"Seize him," shouted the leader, "knock the cursed old rascal's brains out;" but as he and his companions made a step in advance to execute the order, up went the musket to Richard's shoulder, with the black muzzle blinking right into the foremost man's eye.

"Stop there!" said Richard; "the first man that sets his foot on that door stone, steps into his grave!"

They halted, and stood looking at him.

"I mean what I say," he continued, "as sure as that sun is shining, I will kill the first man that attempts to come into the house; and as for you," he added, speaking to the one he had pitched out of the door, "if you don't take your squad off in two minutes I'll shoot you down where you stand."

This was a reception they had not bargained for. They had no objection to giving and taking a few hard words in the course of their explorations, but they had no idea of taking hard blows; and it had an ugly look, that determined man standing in the door, with his eye glancing along the musket barrel; they knew enough of him, too, as well as of the general trait of sincerity belonging to his family, to feel tolerably sure that he would do precisely what he had promised. They were baffled, hesitated, and, finally, as the time was nearly expired, seeing the musket settling into a deadly aim, the finger on the trigger, and the eye gleaming over the sight, right into his own, the leader backed out into the road with his companions, the muzzle still remorselessly following him, until they had got some fifty yards off, when, shaking his fist at Richard, he turned and ran down the road at full speed, followed by his companions in as pure a panic as ever upset the propriety of a flock of sheep.

As they disappeared, Richard Chandler took down the musket from his shoulder, dropped the butt upon the stone step, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "Scared out of their wits by a single gun; a pretty set of soldiers they'd make. I'll try them with a rye straw next time!" saying which he re-entered the house, hung the gun upon the rack where it was usually kept, and walked calmly out to his work, unarmed, leaving the women, who had huddled together in the corner with their hands to their ears to recover their equanimity at their leisure. But every one was not so fortunate as Richard Chandler, and a great deal of valuable property was destroyed or carried off by these honest gentry; and the people who had striven most anxiously to maintain a neutral position, now found themselves classed with the Tories, and as such, harassed by the virtuous indignation of these self-constituted Vigilance Committees.

Accusations continued to pour in upon the Squire, and among them, at last, came one that gave him a good deal of uneasiness, and sent him over to William Willson's one morning before breakfast. After greeting the old man, he walked moodily up and down for some time without speaking.

At last his friend seeing that something was wrong, accosted him—

"What is the matter, Thomas? This seems out of spirits."

"Why, the fact is, William," answered the Squire, "I'm in trouble. Do you know of any Tories being hid in the neighborhood within a few weeks?"

"No," said the other, "I haven't seen nor heard of any."

"Are you certain?" asked the Squire.

"As sure as I can be of anything," said William, "why does thee ask; does thee know of any?"

"No, I don't," answered the Squire; "but, William, the matter is just this. A charge has been made to me, against you, of harboring some fugitive Tories, and I came over myself to ask you about it before taking any steps as a magistrate."

"I am much obliged to thee, Thomas," said the old farmer, "for this kindness. I am not guilty of the charge."

"That's enough," said the Squire, "if you will say to me that you have not felt nor harbored any Tories knowingly, that's all I ask; I'll dismiss the charge at once."

"I do say then," answered the farmer, "that I have never, knowingly, fed or harbored a Tory at any time. I will say this, too; when any man has come along hungry and tired I've never refused him a meal's victuals or room in my barn to sleep; but I never asked him whether he was Whig or Tory, for I didn't care."

"Neither do I," answered the Squire; "all I am forced to take notice of is whether you knew them to be Tories and harbored them as such."

"That I certainly never did."

"Then I'll dismiss the charge at once; and I tell you, William, I'll go home with a good deal lighter heart than I came with, for I was afraid that you might have been led into some sort of the kind that I should have been forced to deal with."

"It would have been thy duty, Thomas," said the old man, "but I believe thee would have found it a hard one to perform against an old friend."

"So hard that I don't know if it had come to the pinch whether I wouldn't have resigned my commission first."

"Oh! no; that wouldn't have done at all," said William; "in the first place I'm not clear that thee would have had any right to shrink any duty thy office puts upon thee, merely to save thy own feelings or anybody else's; and, then, I don't know any man in this section of country that I should think fit to take thy place."

"Well, I'm very glad I'm not put to the test," said the Squire; "your word's enough, and the matter shall not go any farther. Good-morning."

"Farewell," said William, (he was on the point of saying "good-morning," but caught himself in time,) "I hope thee won't have many more cases of the kind brought before thee."

"I hope not," said the Squire, "they are very disagreeable." So saying, he walked briskly homewards with a much less perplexed and troubled countenance than he had started with, while his friend went in to breakfast, and to tell his wife what had passed.

With the exception of such difficulties as these I have mentioned, the country was now as quiet as if it had been a time of peace instead of being in the middle of a war, whose issue no man could foresee. Such crops as had been planted, were quietly harvested when the time came. The Squire, when he went out to the field, no longer took his musket with him; men stored their grain with a reasonable hope that they themselves would have the use of it; women baked their ovens full of pies and bread, with a confident expectation of doing their share at eating them, an expectation in which they had often been cruelly disappointed during the past winter; and, with the exception of the Vigilance Committee, everybody attended to his own business. William Willson was minus his seasoned building timber, which, you may remember, was carried off in the winter, to Valley Forge. He was not a man, however, to "cry over spilled milk," as he would have phrased it; and when the fall set in, he went to work and got out a new set of timbers, which he laid up to season, and eventually built his house where the old one had stood, and very much like it, only on a rather larger scale. The new house still stands on the terrace over which Jim Glimmer led the British soldiers, but it is old and worn now; it has passed into the hands of strangers, who have allowed it to become dilapidated. The porch on the southern front, (the entrance is still at the back of the house,) was falling to pieces when I last saw it; it may be gone now, for I have not seen it for many a day—the floor had sunk away and left the pillars hanging by the roof, but the old Lombardy poplars were still there, the little family grave yard on the hill, closely by the Concord Road, where the Squire's buried, was in sight, and the view from the terrace edge, the rolling hills to the southward, dotted with quiet farm-houses, with green orchards around them, checkered with fields of grain over which the sunlight and shadow chased each other as the long stalks waved in the wind, the broad, green pasture meadows, the endless belt of blue woods which girded the horizon, and the blue sky beyond, flecked with white clouds, the old landscape was still there, in all its delicious, dreamy loveliness. But William Willson went into his new house, a lonely man; for the patient, gentle wife, who had gone so long and lovingly by his side, had left it, and laid down to rest in the quiet Quaker grave-yard.

Jim Glimmer came home at the close of the war, and settled down into a steady farmer, after having got his fill of adventures as one of M'Lane's men, in hovering around Philadelphia, cutting off straggling parties of the enemy, beating up their quarters at all manner of unreasonable and improper times, pestering the neighboring farmers unmercifully, when they tried to get into the city to market, been foremost in carrying out a plot of his commander's, which, however, was unsuccessful, to break up the Meschianza, that gigantic piece of farcical extravagance with which the British officers opened the last month of their sojourn of reckless license in the city, and performing a multitude of other undignified pranks which he used to relate with great glee, to his cronies in the store porch at Kennet, where he had settled himself, and died, unmarried, after having reached a good, and with him, a jolly old age.

My story is drawing to a close. Sammy, the spy, who made such a melancholy bit of capturing Jim, on the occasion of his visit to Philadelphia as an amateur butcher, and who after duly receiving the honors that Jim had promised him, was dismissed as not worth the keeping, found it advisable to leave for New York shortly after the departure of the British army. He had considerable difficulty in effecting his escape, for the search for him was keen and relentless; but he was finally smuggled out disguised as a woman—and a very ugly one he made

marriage of the only two of my characters who have been, so far, in imminent danger of that catastrophe; but in order to reach it, I must skip over about three years. At the end of that time, on a fine October morning, after having given notice of their intention at a previous monthly meeting, according to the good, but somewhat trying old Quaker rule, Roney and Annie set forth from the house of Mr. Breunington, for Birmingham Meeting House, accompanied by their groomsmen and bridesmaids, and a number of other friends. The meeting-house was full when they reached it, and they had the preliminary ordeal of marshaling from the door to the head of the women's side, and sitting down facing the assembly. The bridesmaids and groomsmen accompanied them; and after a pause, the two arose. You might have heard a pin drop on the bare floor, as the first rustle of garments through the room as all leaned forward to listen. Roney's turn was first. Taking Annie by the hand, he said, "Annie, I take thee to be my wife; promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." After a moment's pause, Annie, still holding his hand, said, in her low, sweet voice, "Roney, I take thee to be my husband; promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful wife, until death shall separate us."

As usual in such cases, the bride went through her part much the better of the two. Her voice, though low, was firm, the words were clearly spoken, and she looked right into Roney's eyes while she said them. On the other hand, his voice was husky, he bungled once or twice before he got through, and instead of looking at Annie, he looked straight down into the crown of his hat. He was not singular in this, however, for I never saw a wedding in Quaker meeting yet, where the groom did not act precisely as Roney did; from which I infer that it is a necessary part of the performance.

They then sat down and subscribed their names to "the certificate," which was engrossed on a mighty sheet of parchment; after which the first groomsmen rose, and taking the certificate in his hands, read it aloud, together with the names, "Roney Baldwin and Annie Breunington," whereat Master "Bub" Baldwin giggled aloud, and then looked supernaturally solemn, as all eyes were turned on him. It was then laid down upon the table, and all the relatives and nearest friends signed as witnesses, and afterwards, such of the audience as chose, until the space for a hundred names, which had been left, was all filled, the ceremony was concluded, and they left the gray old meeting house, behind whose graveyard wall Roney had fought so desperately four years before, married.

Sam, who was present, of course, was so much impressed by the ceremony, and by the dinner which followed it, at which, by his own special request, he officiated as head waiter, and devoted himself exclusively to the bride and groom, to the utter neglect of everybody else, that as soon as he had finished his own dinner, he went off in hot haste to Miss Annetta, whose consent he had gained a short time before, and told her he wanted to be married the next day! She had a good deal of trouble in getting this notion out of his head, and convincing him that a wedding could not be hurried up at such short notice, they finally compromised on that day month, when the wedding took place; not in Quaker meeting, though, but in Mr. Breunington's parlor, in the evening, when the ceremony was performed by a Methodist clergyman of Sam's own color, and where Mr. Breunington, Annie and Roney remained during the whole ceremony, and took an active part in the fun afterwards, in utter violation of "the discipline of Friends," which forbids any of the Society's members to countenance, even by their presence, any official act of a paid or salaried clergyman.

It having been arranged beforehand that Annie should not leave her father, Roney took up his abode there, and before very long, Sam left William Wilson's, and with his wife, took a small "tenant house" on Mr. Breunington's farm, and remained there for the rest of his days. As time went on with Annie and her husband, children clustered around them, and the once quiet place rang daily with their noisy gambols. In the course of years, their children grew up and were scattered, and for a while the old quietness came back; then came frequent interruptions of noisy grandchildren visiting the old homestead; but at last the time came for its owners to leave it, and after travelling together hand in hand for sixty years, Roney went to his last rest, and in three weeks afterwards, Annie was laid beside him.

I have but little more to say about the Squire. After the British left Philadelphia, he remained quietly at home, working his farm occasionally, as I have said, hearing charges against his Tory neighbors, a terror to all evil-doers, and exhibiting in all his actions the same determined energy which had carried him to Washington, through a shower of musket balls, the news of the British army's approach on the morning of that disastrous battle of Brandywine. The mass who carried him on that occasion, and did such good service then, and many a time afterwards, when there was nothing but her feet heels between him and capture, was never put to work again, but made the rest of her life one long holiday.

The Squire carried his hatred of Quakers even to the grave, for, rather than have the risk of mingling his dust with theirs, he enclosed the little plot beside the Concord Road, which I have alluded to, as a family burying-ground, and after a long and useful life, he was buried there, a man of whom history has said but little, and yet who deserved an honorable mention in its pages, quite as well as many a one who occupies a far more prominent place there.

My story is done. It has been one of a past time, and the men and women of whom it tells, have long since passed away; some of their descendants still cluster near the old homesteads, but most of them are scattered far and wide; and one of them, whose fortunes have placed him in the new great city, has taken upon himself to bring together and record the vague, flying legends of the country-side in the foregoing chapters. If reading them has called up half as many pleasant thoughts and associations to you, as writing them has done to me, I am well rewarded for the labor. [The End.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRINCE NAPOLEON—ITALIAN EXILES IN ENGLAND.

The ship *David Stuart* had landed the Neapolitan exiles at Quosonova (near Cork), they having compelled the Captain to this courtesy.

A public article, which appeared in the Paris *Moniteur*, the Emperor Napoleon's organ, had caused a considerable rise in the funds at London, Paris and Vienna.

Prince Napoleon has resigned the Ministry of Algeria, which added to the confidence in the French Government.

The Daily *Kapoor* reports that Poreie and his fellow exiles, amounting to between sixty and seventy, compelled Captain Prentiss, as soon as the Neapolitan war steamer left them, two hundred miles from land, to steer direct for Cork. In this they were assisted by a young officer, a son of one of the exiles, who had shipped at Cadix, and signed the articles as one of the crew. As soon as the exiles landed at Quosonova, the enthusiasm of some rose to such a pitch, that they actually kicked the soil on which they first planted foot as freemen. They saw their intention to go to Scotland.

Mr. Dancombe gave notice of sundry amendments to the Reform Bill, extending still further the elective franchise.

Mr. D'Israeli, in reply to a question put by a member of the House of Commons, said the Government did not intend to grant exclusive privileges to the Atlantic, or any other Telegraph Company, for the exclusive use of a graphic communication between England and America.

Austria securities had an immense rebound, having advanced, in Vienna, from Friday to Monday, fully 4 per cent, while exchange on Vienna had declined in London 7 per cent. in three days.

The Times, and other leading London journals, extend a cordial welcome to the Neapolitan exiles.

The Times congratulates the Neapolitan exiles on their arrival, and says there is an instinct stronger than all political calculation, which calls on England to honor these men.

The London Times, in an article on the reform question, again argues in opposition to "manhood suffrage," on the ground of its unsatisfactory working in the United States.

The submarine cable between Malta and Cagliari had again ceased to operate.

Notwithstanding the market effect on funds produced by the pacific article in the *Moniteur*, the London journals sneer at it, and throw doubt on its sincerity.

The journals of Vienna also criticize it in a skeptical light.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* reasserts that the French troops are evacuating Rome.

The resignation of Prince Napoleon is regarded as a peace offering, the Prince being in favor of a war.

The Emperor refused to accept the resignation, until it had been tendered three or four times. His retirement was caused by a difference of opinion with the greater part of the cabinet, on questions of internal and external policy.

The Emperor was believed at the bottom to participate in the views of Prince Napoleon, and a report was current that his retirement would only be temporary.

Mr. Preston, the American Minister, has arrived at Madrid.

Naples.—The health of the King was such that it was supposed he would never be able to get well again.

The Queen conducts all the State affairs, and is reported to have caused the King to sign a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Austria.

Prussia.—The young Prince has been christened Frederick William Victor Albert.

The political disquietude prevented the attendance of the English Royal family at the baptism.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—Friday, March 5.—The Cotton market has an advancing tendency, especially in the middling qualities, which are quoted at higher. The sales of the past three days amounted to 30,000 bales, including 10,000 to speculators and 20,000 for export. The advance was chiefly caused by the advice from America.

Good middling is 1-16 better, and in some cases an advance of 1/4 has been obtained.

Broadstuffs and Wheat are dull. Provisions firm.

GREAT MEN.

Men whom we build our lives round like an arch of triumph, as they pass on their way To glory and to immortality.

Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion.

Through every limb and the whole heart, whose haunts us as eagles haunt the mountain air.

Thoughts which command all coming times and minds.

As from a tower a warden. —*Baldwin's Poem*

When Judge Howell was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on circuit, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *cupid* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, and well knowing the author, addressed the Chief Justice as follows: "May I please your Lordship, I ask protection" (holding up his hat), "for I find that Brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

THREE-MAN TIPPERS.—"Wine of three men" is the name given to a kind of drink made at a place called Wittenhausen, in Germany. The reason of this name is, that "it takes one to pour it out, one to drink it, and another to hold the man while he swallows it." This is borrowed from the *Physiologie du Vin*, in which we find a proverb relating to the wine made at Suresne (a pretty village about two leagues from Paris), which is so bad that it takes three men to drink it—"the man who is going to drink, and two companions to keep his heart from falling."

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What! do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes, "do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools?"

An inquiry in the Cambridge Chronicle, for a rhyme for the word "month," brought out in reply the following epigram:

"You can't," says Tom to Heping Bill, "Find any rhyme for 'month'."

"A great mistake," was Bill's reply, "I've found a rhyme at last."

A RHYME ON COCKBURN.—One day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Baurin, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present, "Monsieur, excuse me, but how did you value your life in your country when you set forth?" The reply was an excellent one:—"Three years of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to converse with.—*King Alphonso of Castile.*

AN EXPENSIVE BUILDING.

The Capital at Washington has cost, and is costing a wonderful amount of money. If value is received for what is expended it is all right, but that is the question. The two front doors of that remarkable building, with their side trimmings, cost \$47,072. In addition to this the designs and models for these doors cost \$12,000, the original estimates being \$600. One of the bronze doors leading into the new Representative Chamber will cost, according to estimate, \$14,416—the design and model having already cost \$8,000. It is no wonder that the architects had a high idea of the position of a "door-keeper." Each window has cost about \$2,000 exclusive of glass. The "grand single hand-rails for the private stairways, in both wings, cost \$12,000, and yet they are in such dark places that it is proposed to tear away one of the committee-rooms, in order to let a little light shine upon one of them. So much by way of detail, merely enough to prevent any wonder, when we state that the appropriations for the Capitol already reach \$5,075,000, and that it is estimated that the buildings cannot be completed on the present plans for less than \$8,000,000.

The same inordinate expenditure also extends to the furnishing of the various rooms. Thus, the furniture of the Speaker's room alone cost \$5,500. Everything is on a grand scale—of expense, at least. Mr. Speaker Orr, for instance, withdrawing from the arduous duties of the Chair, refreshes himself by surveying his portly person in a mirror that cost \$1,350. If the light is not sufficient, he arranges the brocade curtains for which the "dear people" have paid \$900. Should he discover any dust upon his brow, he repairs to his washstand worth \$85. He can select some interesting work from a bookcase which cost \$648—take his choice between a \$45 and a \$95 chair and a \$90 lounge; and thus enjoy himself till a 1/45 clock tells him it is time either to write a note from a \$50 inkstand, or a \$95 writing table, or else take his cloak and hat on a \$47 clothes rack and temporarily absent himself from a room of such "republican simplicity."

And so it is throughout the Capitol. The room of the committee of ways and means is furnished at an expense of \$2,740—one of the items being a "fine book desk and case, \$900."

The desks and chairs of the House of Representatives hall cost \$45,000; and merely the cleaning and varnishing of them last fall cost over \$1,100. Carpets, curtains and lounges are on the same scale. The members of the last session even brushed their shrewd financial heads at an expense of \$425 to the people, and combed them (the people's heads also) to the tune of \$220.

NOTES IN THE SICK ROOM.—It is extraordinary how many persons unused to the sick room, mistake certain noises for quiet. When such people have to walk across the room they do so with a balancing sort of movement that makes every plank creak uneasily. Their very dress rattles in a way that would make the fortune of a rattlesnake. If anything has to be said, it is spoken in a loud, whirling whisper, that conceals the words but makes the most irritating noise. Now the silence of a sick room must not be labored, it must be natural. Shoes that do not creak must be worn, and in walking the foot must be put down carefully, of course, but with a firm step, that comes gently, yet steadily, on the floor. This will not make the creaking sound caused by the too pointed, gingerly mode of movement so much adopted by those whose experience of sick rooms is small. The dress must be made of some noiseless material, wool or cotton; silk must be avoided, for it squeaks with every movement. In speaking, the pitch of the voice must be slightly raised, and the words, instead of being hissed, as in whispering, should be clipped short, and cut distinctly. By this means the person spoken to will hear what is said, while the least possible sound accompanies the word.—*Burdell's Care of the Sick.*

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

From you, I am, little troubles pass, Like little ripples down a sunny river.

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass— Cut down and up again as blithe as ever.

—*London*

Lord Cockburn says in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey": "He (Lord Jeffrey) had a fancy that though he went to bed with his head stuffed with the names, dates and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying that during sleep 'they all crystallized round their proper centers.'"

Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and, actually, or ideally, we manage to live with them.—*Emerson.*

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

The rhyming of gilly boys and girls, and the whistling of the wind through a hollow tree, are equally singular instances of music caused by emptiness.

THREATENED REBELLION IN CANADA.—An ably written circular has been issued from Oakville, Canada West, signed Wm. M. King, in which the present Government is sharply handled, and a separation from the Home Government boldly advocated in the event of the success of some of the measures urged by those now in power. It refers approvingly to the action of these colonies under similar circumstances, and insists that the time is at hand when like action should and must be taken by the people of Canada. It urges some member of Parliament (if the new tariff succeeds) to propose in the House that it is "expedient to dissolve all Governmental connection with Great Britain, that the union between Upper and Lower Canada be dissolved, and that immediate steps be taken that Upper Canada may become a State of the United States."

The circular is addressed to "The Honorable the Attorney General of Canada West," and large numbers have been printed for circulation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New Haven Journal says that Walt Whitman, the poet, drives No. 22 of the Broadway and Forty-Second street omnibuses.

REMARKS OF THE WIDOW.—And a case of insanity has just occurred in Boston "through the influence," one of the papers says, "of a little widow, with a pretty face and languishing eyes." At a watering place, last summer, she made the acquaintance of Dr. F. A. Noyes. The doctor was made captive, and then drawn into the net which the widow threw with such consummate skill, and for awhile he was happy under the impression that Emma, the fascinating widow, would soon consent to change her name. In this hope he was sadly disappointed, for when he proposed, the widow threw her eyes, and said she should always remain his friend, but she couldn't think of marriage. All hope was given up, and he tried to banish the image of the widow, but she was determined not to stay banished. She wanted more amusement at his expense, and she had it. She reopened a correspondence, visited him at his office, and when he was alone, she would come in, sit with him, and a second time refused him. 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Wit and Humor

ANECDOTE OF ELLEN TREE.

BY SOL SMITH.

Gas had not been introduced into St. Louis in 1859, and our oil lamps at the wings had a dangerous way of flaring up in a most unruly manner, occasionally threatening to set fire to the lamp holders, and thus endanger the building. The lamps were open "scotches," with wick holders coming up from the bottom, and the oil, when heated, would take fire, and burn up in a large flame. To guard against accidents, we had a tub of water placed on each side of the stage, with a large swab or mop in it, ready for use at any moment; and scarcely a night passed without a swabbing being required. The wing hands (subordinate stage carpenters) were instructed to keep a strict watch over the wing lamps, and to use the most prompt, whenever occasion might require. Besides these watchers, every actor and actress felt a deep interest in the swabbing process, and it was not an unusual thing to see Richard the Third or Hamlet, just before entering upon the stage, catch up a swab and dash it upon the rising flames, which, if not attended to, were likely to burn up the Tower of London, or the Royal Palace at Elsinore.

Miss Tree was performing the part of Juliet, and had taken her station (Act II, Scene 2) on the balcony, for the purpose of enjoying the fresh night breeze, after the fatigue of the ball which had concluded in the previous act, and to think of the young pilgrim who had so greatly interested her during the festival, when, casting her eyes over the way, she saw that one of the wing lamps was just beginning to flare up, and all eyes being fixed upon her, there was imminent danger of a conflagration. The fair Juliet had taken her seat on the balcony, but was observed to fidget and turn in her chair in a most un-Juliet-like manner, calling off through the window behind her, in a loud whisper, "somebody get the swab!"

Romeo, who had entered from the right hand side, and had not seen the flaring lamp, went on with his speech, interrupted from time to time by the lovely Capulet:

Romeo.—She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Juliet.—(Aside).—Where is Mr. Sol Smith? Will somebody call him?

Romeo.—Her eyes discourse; I will answer it.

Juliet.—(Aside).—Will nobody get the swab? We shall all be burnt up!

Romeo.—I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Juliet.—(Aside).—No, it is to somebody to bring the swab. Where is Mr. Sol Smith?

Romeo.—See how she leans her cheek upon her hand; oh! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek.

Juliet.—Ah, me! (Aside).—We'd better not go on. Where is the swab?

Romeo.—She speaks. Oh! speak again, bright angel.

Juliet.—(Aside).—If that swab isn't brought this instant, I'll come down—I will. Ah! there's Mr. Sol Smith, with the swab, at last.

Romeo.—(Speaks the balance of the speech, unobserved by Juliet, who is watching the swabbing.)

Juliet.—Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? (Aside).—Thank heaven, the danger's over; the swab has saved us!

RATHER THIN.

A ludicrous incident occurred, this winter, at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale Road. Jones's hotel, of that place, is ornamented with a hostler, whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day, in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path, on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from this phantom steed the equestrian said, turning to the hostler,

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir," said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse?" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped, like one surprised beyond expression.

"Bless my soul!" says he. "I ask your pardon, sir; but your animal was a steed, on a line with that ere kicking post, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.—N. Y. Mercury.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMBROIDERED PAIR OF PANTS.—General Kapoff was the only man who dared to play with the imperial tiger. Thus, on one occasion, he was engaged to pull Paul's pigtail; and it was certainly a desperate design that to insinuate a man who made ladies leave their carriage when he passed, and sent an entire regiment to Siberia for going through its drill badly. Still Kapoff would not be defeated, and as the queue was at that time worn straight down the back, he put his own over one shoulder. The first time he was reprimanded by the Emperor, the second put under arrest, the third sent to the fortress. On his release, Kapoff went back to his duty as page, and took his place just behind Paul's chair. In the middle of dinner, Kapoff seized his Majesty's queue just as he would a bell-rope, and pulled it so violently that the Czar uttered a yell. "What is the matter?" asked Kapoff. "What are you doing with my queue, you rascal?" "It was on one side, sire; I was only putting it straight." "Well, you might have put it straight without pulling so hard."

MISTAKES OF MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has cautioned in his celebrated lyrics—that souls were paired when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they had only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now, the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the most intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unshuffled from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials and efforts. Let two persons, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a draw game at self, or for walking, *opus passivus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect that, for aught we know, they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas, apart, they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of the two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under external, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as flood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two to make a very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives—ideal wives want practical men; and then the earth side and the heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be conjoined, and not adjoined.—Monthly Religious Magazine.

TAKING THE SHREW.

Once on a time there was a King, and he had a daughter who was such a scold, and whose tongue went so fast there was no stopping it. So he gave out that the man who could stop her tongue, should have the Princess to wife, and half his kingdom into the bargain. Now, three brothers, who heard this, made up their minds to go and try their luck; and first of all the two older went, for they thought they were the cleverest; but they couldn't cope with her at all, and got well thrashed beside. Then Rodolfo, the youngest, set off, and when he had gone a little way, he found an oxer band laying on the road, and he picked it up. When he had gone a little further he found a piece of broken plate, and he picked that up too. A little further on he found a dead magpie, and a little further on still a crooked ram's horn; so he went on a bit and found the fellow to the horn, and at last just as he was crossing the fields by the King's palace, where they were pitching out dung, he found a wormout shoe-sole. All the things he took with him into the palace, and went before the Princess.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day," said she, and made a wry face.

"Can't I get my magpie cooked here?" he asked.

"I'm afraid it will burst," answered the Princess.

"Oh! never fear! for I'll just tie this oxer band round it," said the lad, as he pulled it out.

"The fat will run out of it," said the Princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad; and showed her the piece of broken plate.

"You are so crooked in your words," said the Princess; "there's no knowing where to have you."

"No, I'm not crooked," said the lad; "but this is," as he held up one of the horns.

"Well!" said the Princess, "I never saw the match of this in all my days."

"Why, here you see the match to it," said the lad, as he pulled out the other ram's horn.

"I think," said the Princess, "you must have come here to wear out my tongue with your nonsense."

"No, I have not," said the lad; "but this is worn out," as he pulled out the shoe-sole.

To this the Princess hadn't a word to say, for she had fairly lost her voice with rage.

"Now you are mine," said the lad; and so got the Princess to wife, and half the kingdom.—*London's Popular Stories from the Norse.*

NOT VERY CONCILIATING.—The elder Keen, having quarrelled with Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, became anxious to effect a reconciliation. He wrote to him in brief but expressive terms, "I am at Bath.—Kaes." The answer was equally laconic: "Stay there.—Kees."



THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE—SIXPENCE.

CARRY (with feigned surprise and delight).—"What, all—this—at once?"

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOVERNMENT SITUATION.

Louis the Fifteenth, of France, was almost too indolent to reign, but he had his peculiarities which rendered it no easy task for his ministers to manage him. The following incident will illustrate his character very vividly. Two schemers, named Baudet and Chauvaud, assisted by a man of enthusiastic disposition, the Chevalier de Turgot, projected an expedition for the colonization of that part of Guinea which borders the muddy river Kourou. The prime minister—to use an English phrase—the Duc de Choiseul, influenced by the cunning, and, perhaps, the bribes of Baudet, willingly lent his sanction to the adventure; but it was necessary to obtain the King's consent and his nomination of the chevalier as governor of the colony—which was to be. How was this to be effected?

"Who knows you at court?" said the Duke to the chevalier.

"I know no one, and am known by no one," replied Turgot, with the air of a man who despised courts and courtiers.

"But you formerly visited the palace. Is it very long ago?"

"I do not remember," said the chevalier.

The Duke fumed and fretted. The chevalier whistled.

"Does the King know you by sight, or by name?"

"I think not; indeed, I am sure he does not."

"Then my first difficulty will be to bring him acquainted with you. He does not love to hear of anybody or anything of which he is not before-hand. Kings are all alike; they will not do ought, or hear ought, for they pretend they know everything. Are you not acquainted with a soul at Marly, or Saint Germain?"

"Ah! at St. Germain? Yes! I know the Duc d'Agén's gardener."

"Excellent! Your fortune is made! Good morning, Monsieur de Turgot!"

Three weeks rolled on, and the chevalier grew uncomfortable. Another week, and a summons arrived from the Duc de Choiseul, bidding him repair immediately to Versailles.

"I thought, my lord, you had forgotten me," said the chevalier.

"No, I have effected everything. I spoke to the Duc d'Agén about you—he did not know you. Then, I told him of your gardener, my plants, of Cayenne, of your tastes, of my views—the Duke understood me. He told me I might propose you to the King. To-day, while I waited on his majesty, I introduced your name. I praised your genius, your comprehensive views, your grand ideas. Oh, you will be admirably well received! Follow me."

The chevalier, amazed, half-stupified, followed the Duke into the royal cabinet. The King entered, glanced around, and said, "Oh, I see—the Chevalier de Turgot! a man of genius, comprehensive views, and—"

"Governor of Cayenne!" blantly cried the Duke.

The King smiled, nodded, and left the room.

"I have come to thank you," said Turgot to the Duc d'Agén, "for exercising your influence in my behalf."

"Yes," said the Duc d'Agén, "a few days ago, at supper, I seized an opportunity of speaking to the King. We had some pheasants dressed à la Turque. The King commended them. Oh, your majesty, I cried, you should taste them when stewed à la Turque!" "A la Turque," Turgot, was it not a brilliant idea?"

"Where—when—by whom—were pheasants dressed à la Turque?" inquired his majesty.

"At St. Germain," I replied, "dressed exquisitely by my gardener."

"Your gardener," exclaimed the King.

"My gardener, who learnt the secret from the Chevalier de Turgot—a splendid fellow, your majesty."

"The Chevalier de Turgot—de Turgot—de Turgot," muttered his majesty, "we will not forget him. Obtain the recipe. He must be an excellent man."

"And so you see, my dear Turgot, the King remembered your name, though he forgot all about the recipe, and, thanks to the pheasant à la Turque, you are now governor of Cayenne."

The Chevalier de Turgot went to Cayenne, and the colony was ruined. But what of that? The Duke d'Agén obliged the Duke de Choiseul, and the Duke de Choiseul kept his word with Monsieur Baudet. A prize-worthy arrangement! Well might the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstierna exclaim, "See with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

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MORAL.—If you wish to obtain a government situation, learn to dress pheasants à la Turque!

Agricultural.

CISTERN.—How to HAVE PURE CISTERN WATER.—Take an inch pipe, place one end on the bottom of the cistern, directly under the pipe with which you draw water; bring the other end over the top, taking care that the water shall rise above the upper bend of the pipe, before discharging elsewhere. Then depress the outer end into the drain, sufficient to discharge one or more barrels at a time. The principle of this will be readily seen by those who understand the philosophy of the siphon. By dropping the outer end lower than the curve, the water will not discharge till the cistern is filled to the upper side of the curve, when the discharge will commence, and continue until the water in the cistern is on a level with the outer end of the pipe, forming, as it were, an intermittent or remittent spring. The object of discharging quite a quantity at once, is that the water may become agitated at the bottom, and by this means draw out the sediment, preserving the water pure and clear, without further trouble, from year to year.—Those who try this experiment will find it to improve the good nature of the gods housewife.—Ohio Farmer.

BITTER STOCK.—Since I have been in Illinois, I have had a number of horn cattle and colts bitten by rattlesnakes. My remedy has been (and with entire success) to bathe freely all the swollen parts with spirits of turpentine, repeating it for several days; if the colts are bitten on or near the mouth, and swollen so that they cannot suck, I milk the mare in a vessel and feed the colts with a spoon; by so doing, I have saved a number of very valuable colts. I usually milk my cows that have been bitten, very clean, and put the milk into a vault where nothing can get at it, as it is very poisonous.

I have seen men that had been bitten, and all they did was to bathe freely with spirits of turpentine. I have written thus early in the season on rattlesnake bites, because some of my friends have lost very valuable horses and cattle as early as the first of April.—C. W. GILBERT.—Galesburg, Feb. 25, 1859.

TO CURE SCRATCHES.—Having noticed in the Rural Inquiries as to a cure for scratches, and being possessed of a simple preventive and cure, I pen it, as this is one of the worst seasons of the year for horses to be troubled with them. When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore, apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas the size of a common hickory nut to a quart of vinegar.—This is worth to any farmer more than the paper costs a year.—Rural New Yorker.

CONCRETE FLOORS.—The lower floors of all the cellars of houses should be composed of a bed of concrete about three inches thick. This would tend to render them dry, and more healthy, and at the same time prevent rats from burrowing under the walls from the outside, and coming up under the floors—the method pursued by these vermin where houses are erected on a sandy soil. This concrete should be made of washed gravel and hydraulic cement. Common mortar mixed with pounded brick and washed gravel, makes a concrete for floors nearly as good as that formed with hydraulic cement. Such floors become very hard, and are much cheaper than those of brick or flagstones.

FENCE MAKING.—INVERTED POSTS.—This is a thing perhaps not generally known among farmers, and perhaps not generally believed. It is nevertheless true that posts or stakes will last longer if inverted than otherwise; though the top end may be smallest, yet will it outlast the other if inverted. I am not able to give the reason why it is so, but am told that the timber has a natural "suction" by which water or dampness is drawn above the surface of the ground, which rotates it off, which is not the case if inverted. Try it, brother farmers.—Country Gentlemen.

LICE IN CATTLE.—I will send you a safe and sure remedy for lice on coits and cattle. Take white ash bark, boil it in water—making a strong decoction; wash the animals on the back and sides. In twenty-four hours, the lice will be completely tanned. Tanners oil is also first rate.—North-Western Farmer.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 19, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857,